DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVI. No. 17. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1891. 30 Cts. per An. Post-Paid.

MAKING THE MOULD.

THE BEECHER STATUE

AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

The Beecher statue, erected in front of the Brooklyn City Hall, was unveiled on the 24th of June, by Mr. Beecher's granddaughter, a little girl of seven years. All classes and conditions of people contributed to the fund and all classes were represented at this ceremony.

The statue is of bronze, nine feet in height, the work of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. It stands upon a pedestal of polished granite ten feet high. This, in turn, rests upon a base of unpolished granite. On the right side of the pedestal is the figure of a kneeling slave girl, clinging to it with one hand, and with the other laying a palm branch at the feet of her great friend, toward whom her face is upturned with awed admiration. On the left side are two barefooted children; one, a boy, sitting on his coat that is flung down carelessly; is holding up a girl, who, with a downward look, is laying a wreath at the feet of the statue. These two figures recall Mr. Beecher's departure from Plymouth church for the last time with his arms about two children, who had strayed into the house to listen to music after the services. The three supplementary figures are of life size.

The statue represents Mr. Beecher in his familiar attitude and attire. His head is uncovered, and his soft felt hat is in his hand. Over his ordinary dress, which includes a straight-buttoned clerical coat, is a heavy overcoat, with cape thrown back over the right shoulder, and the front turned back, exposing the quilted lining. The figure stands firmly, in characteristic poise; the face inclines slightly to the right and the eyes have a far-seeing glance.

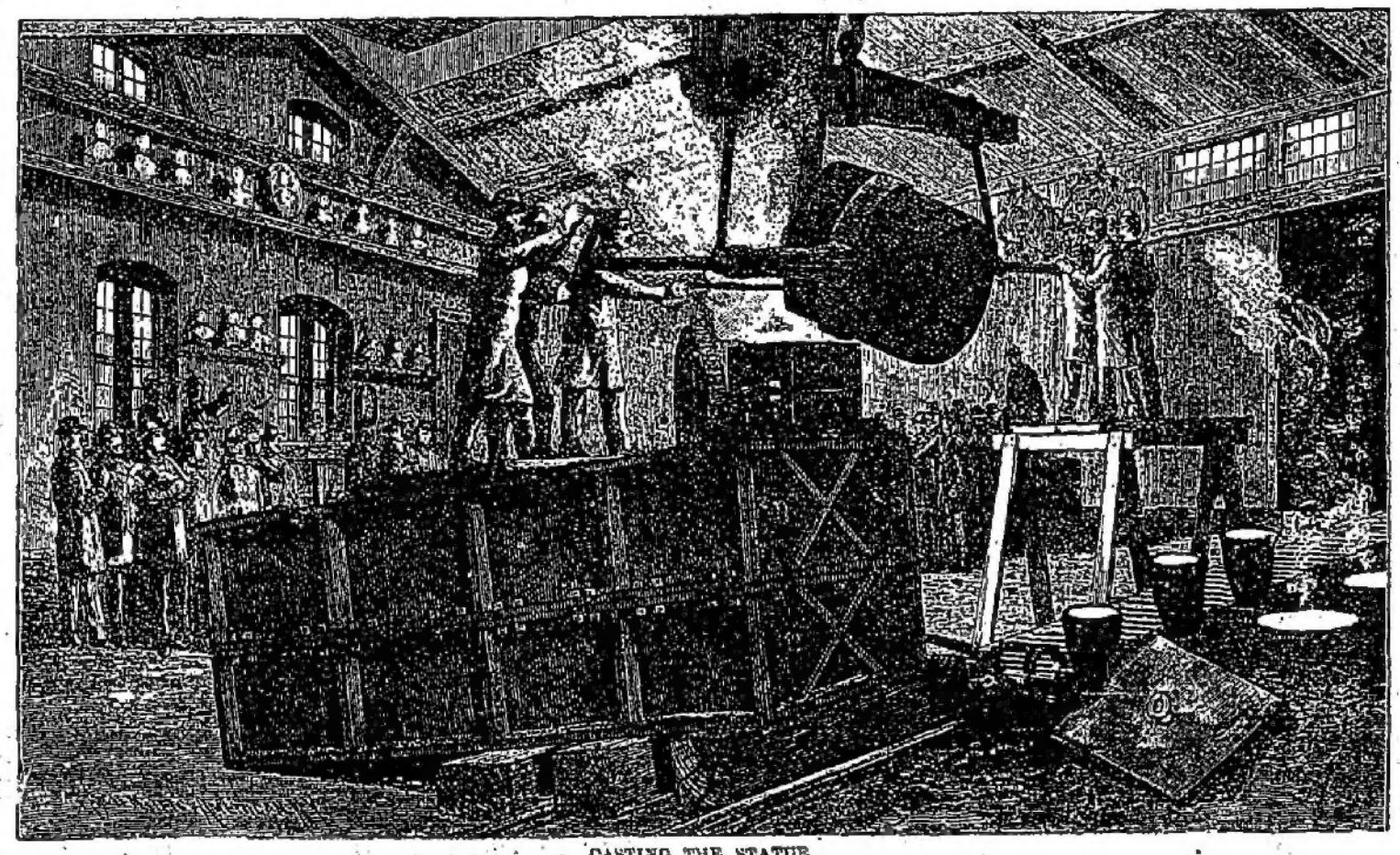
On the front of the pedestal are inscribed Mr. Beecher's name, with the dates of his birth and death, 1813, 1887. On the back is the following inscription: "The grateful gift of multitudes of all classes, creeds and conditions at home and abroad to honor the great apostle of the brotherhood of man." The casting was done in New York last May. The whole cost has been $35,000.

The statue, says the *Scientific American*, is remarkable as being cast practically in a single piece, the head being of one piece with the body. Originally metallic statues were made in small pieces and were united by rivets or soldering. Some were cast solid. The present practice is to cast them hollow, and as thin as possible. This secures rapid cooling and tends to prevent any separation of the constituents of the alloy. It also economizes in metal.

The first step in making a statue is the production of the plaster model. This is supplied by the artist, and it comes from his studio of the exact size required for the final statue. The original studies in the case of colossal statues such as the present may be very small, but before the artist is done with his work the full sized model is produced.

In the present case the statue was to be about nine feet high. The area of the flask in which the mould was to be made was seven feet four inches wide by thirteen feet six inches long. The model was established upon the lower section of the flask and the work of building up the mould began. The sand used is mined in France. It possesses to a high degree the property of consolidating, yet it is very porous. A famous bed of the material is at Fontenay-aux-Roses, about 10 miles from Paris. This is compacted by wooden mallets and hand rammers of different shapes. As the artist produces his statue without any reference to its capacity for "drawing" from the mould, the bronze founder has to adapt his work to the most exacting conditions of undercutting and complicated outlines. The mould is therefore built up in very numerous sections, some of them extremely small. An exact count was not kept, but in the present statue between one thousand and fifteen hundred pieces were used in the mould. In the first cut, where the operation of moulding the head is shown, the idea of the subdivision of the mould appears. It will be seen that its sections represent irregularly shaped bricks, all fitting together with the utmost nicety and accuracy. The statue is eventually completely embedded in clay. The mould has now to be opened up, the edifice of over a thousand sections is carefully taken down and the model is lifted from its resting place upon the lowest flask section. The mould is next rebuilt, the inner surface receiving a coating of foundry facing, and the interior is rammed full of clay to form the core. This core need not be solid. Some spaces may be left in it for the gases to collect in. Thus the mould is a second time complete and intact, but is filled with a clay figure instead of a plaster one.

The mould is a second time dismantled and the core is taken in hand. From its entire surface a layer of clay is removed, to average, as nearly as possible, one quarter of an inch in depth. This delicate operation provides the space for the metal to occupy in the casting process. This core, thus reduced in size, is replaced upon the flask and is properly supported. The mould is a second time built up, surrounding in this case the reduced core. A number of channels or gates are worked in the mould to allow the metal to run through to different parts of the figure. These resemble somewhat the trunk and branches of a tree. They start of comparatively large section near the pouring reservoir, and fork and diminish repeatedly, reaching the space between core and mould in many places.



CASTING THE STATUE.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W. N. Power 31½ 91

When all is perfectly dry, and the flask filled with sand so as to hold all the pieces in place, the operation of casting is proceeded with. In the present case seventeen weeks were required for the moulding.

The process of casting a bronze statue is executed either by surface or bottom casting. In the latter method a reservoir is arranged over the gates, which reservoir is large enough to hold all or a large portion of the metal. It has holes in its bottom corresponding exactly to the gates in the mould. These holes are plugged. The metal is poured into the reservoir, and by withdrawing the plug the metal runs down into the space in the mould. The Beecher statue was cast by surface pouring. The metal held in crucibles was poured directly into the gates. This enabled a constant watch to be kept upon *its fluidity and general nature* as far as shown in its fusion. A man, as the metal was poured, kept scraping back all scoria, slag, and oxide from its surface. The adoption of one or the other system of pouring the metal rests, as a matter of preference, with the individual founder.

For the Beecher statue 7,400 pounds of metal were melted repeatedly. The fourth fusion was the one used. Eleven minutes were occupied in the casting, and the finished statue weighed 3,600 pounds. The rest of the metal represented the contents of the gates, waste, etc. The alloy was composed of copper 90 parts, tin 10 parts, zinc 3 parts.

AN ANSWER TO THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY REV. B. FAY MILLS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a young lady, shortly after her father's conversion :—

"My father, when a boy, belonged to the church and was an active worker, but the church had a quarrel and he would not favor either side, and so he went from both church and God; and I never knew until Tuesday morning what it was to have a Christian father, although he had always been a kind and loving one. I have always prayed for him, ever since I gave myself to Christ, which was four years ago, and my sister has also. My mother has prayed for him ever since she knew him, and it seemed to me when I heard that we were to have these meetings that I could not stand it to have you go away and leave my father an unconverted man. So I prayed God earnestly that if my father did not give himself to him before you came, he might while you were here. Saturday evening, papa was feeling unwell and could not go to meeting. I felt very sorry about it, but I went and requested prayers for him. On Sunday morning I asked him if he would not go to church, but he had only been in the habit of going in the evening, and so he would not depart from the usual custom to go with us in the morning. In the afternoon we persuaded him to go, and he went again in the evening. Oh, how I prayed that day! and it seemed that I could not do anything that day but weep.

"During the evening I noticed that he was touched, and others noticed it, too, for a lady came up and said she saw that he was touched, and asked my sister and me if we could not help to bring him into the fold. God only knows how much we wanted to, but I was feeling so sad because papa would not sign the card which Mr. P —— asked him to! But I asked him to go to the after-meeting, and he went. When I heard Mr. S —— say in that meeting that he would be a Christian, and knew how happy my friend, his daughter, was, because of her answered prayer, it seemed to me that I could not stand it; but I only prayed the harder. On Monday evening he went again to the meeting, but refused the card when it was offered, and would not go to the after-meeting when I asked him. I could bear it no longer, and began to cry. He thought then that he would wait for me if I wanted to go to the meeting, but when he found that I wanted to go on his account he said that he would go home. I never was so nearly heartbroken as then. It seemed as if I could never stop crying. When we got home I went upstairs with sister, and I knew that mamma was down-stairs pleading with papa, so we knelt down and prayed; and while we were praying, this verse came into my mind, 'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive,' and then I felt that, instead of believing that God would grant this request, I had been wishing that he would and wondering if he would, when I ought to have believed that he would if we were faithful. So I just told him that I believed he would, and asked him to show me what I could do to help papa. After a little while, mamma came up to her room, but did not come in and tell us good news, as I hoped she would; but in a few moments I heard papa come up and stay a few moments and then go down again. And then mamma called to us, and said, 'Girls, it is all right with papa now; we shall have family prayers in the morning.' It seemed too wonderful to be true, but it was true, for in the morning our little family of four Christians set up a family altar. Papa was too much overcome to lead the worship, but mamma led it, and just before we rose from our knees, papa managed to say, 'O Lord, help me,' and that was the first prayer I ever heard my father make. When we came to the table that morning, he wanted one of us to ask grace, and so I did, as he could not control his voice. He cried like a child that morning, and we cried with him. But I assure you that the tears were now joyful tears, and we are such a happy family!"—*Golden Rule.*

CONCERNING THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S AIM.

BY MRS. MARY C. CUTLER.

Much has been said at various times concerning the aim which Sabbath-school teachers should have in view while pursuing their work. Every one concedes the importance of their having a definite aim to give character and direction to all they do. But, while one says that the teacher's aim should be the conversion of his pupils, another believes that this should be regarded as only the beginning of his work,—only the enrolling them as learners in Christ's school; and that the teacher should aim at nothing short of their highest Christian culture.

These two views do not of necessity conflict; for one's present or immediate aim is not always one's ultimate aim. When a child is ready to begin the study of books, the teacher's first aim is that the child may learn to read; and for a time all the faculties of teacher and pupil may be directed toward that end as if it were the only aim in view. The child must first be taught to climb the lowest step in this ladder of book-learning; then teacher and pupil may both look up and fix their mark where they will. So, if there are pupils in one's class who are not yet disciples of Christ, the teacher's first aim must needs be to bring them to a Christian decision, to the end that the class may all be led together to the sunny slopes of Christian knowledge and experience, towards those heights where the teacher's ultimate aim is fixed.

But in these days of fluctuating population, a teacher can seldom depend upon having the same pupils long under his care. It has come to be a maxim with educators, that, in view of the shortness of school-life in comparison with the vast multiplication of subjects for study, the best service school can render pupils is to teach them how to learn, leaving it to the pupils themselves to carry on the process of learning through all their after lives. Is there not something analogous to this which Sabbath-school teachers should aim to do for their pupils,—especially for those who are old enough to read and to think somewhat for themselves?

If—as a well-known writer has expressed it—one part of a mother's duty is to render herself useless to her children, should not the Sabbath-school teacher keep in mind the possibility of some of his pupils being suddenly snatched from his instructions and exposed to temptations that may too sorely try their religious character? Is it not well then, that a teacher have not only an immediate aim and an ultimate aim in his teaching, but also a continuous, ever present aim to prepare his pupils so far as possible to do without the teaching and help he so gladly gives them? Should they not learn to read for themselves what God has revealed in his works and in his word, instead of depending on their teacher to read it to them? It is one thing to teach a class the duty or point out the motive that is presented to them in the lesson of the day; it is quite another thing to teach them *how they may always ascertain from* the Bible what their duty is in any of the vicissitudes of life, or what messages the various events of life bring to them from their heavenly Father. The one ought to be done and the other not left undone.—*Westminster Teacher.*

THE TEACHER'S TEXTS.

BY E. W. GILLES.

What the teacher is to teach. Acts 28:31.

The manner and object of doing it. 2 Timothy 2:24-26.

With what it is to be done. 2 Chronicles 17:9.

In preparing the lesson, study, search, meditate, pray.

Note in the following references that when we study we have a teacher, when we search we have a guide, when we meditate we have one who will bring to our remembrance, and when we pray we have one who is able to give.

Study. 2 Timothy 2:15; John 14:26.
Search. John 5:39; 16:13.
Meditate. Joshua 1:8; John 14:26.
Pray. James 1:5; Proverbs 2:6.

In teaching, teach the Word, rather than about the Word.

Teach out of the Word, rather than outside of the Word.

Have as many questions as possible answered out of the Word, by writing the questions-and-answer references on the blackboard, and having the scholars find and read them.

Ask the scholars to volunteer answer references before giving any yourself.

Encourage the scholars to take notes. This will fasten the lesson in their memories, and give them something to study over again at home, during the week.

Teach topically, as in Luke 24:27, and Acts 28:23.

If the scholars are saved, direct the teaching so as to be a training for service, as in 2 Timothy 2:2, and Titus 1:9.

If the scholars are unsaved, make the teaching distinctively evangelistic, as in Acts 8:30-35, both in the class and individually outside of the class.—*Sunday-school Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 30, 1891.

CHRIST AT THE FEAST.—John 7:31-44.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."—John 7:37.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 7:14-30.—Christ in the Temple.
T. John 7:31-44.—Christ at the Feast.
W. Matt. 11:1-15.—John's Inquiry Answered.
Th. Luke 9:18-27.—"The Christ of God."
F. Mic. 5:1-7.—Out of Bethlehem.
S. Isa. 61:1-11.—The Lord's Anointed.
S. Heb. 1:1-14.—Christ Above Angels.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Starting Word. vs. 31-36.
II. The Blessed Invitation. vs. 37-39.
III. The Divided Opinion. vs. 40-44.

TIME.—A.D. 29, October, six months after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the court of the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

About six months after the last lesson Jesus went to Jerusalem to the feast of tabernacles. His teachings in the temple greatly offended the Sanhedrin and they sought to take him, but many of the people believed on him. John 7:11-32.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 34. *Ye shall seek me*—whom you have despised, to receive help from me in your need. *And shall not find me*—compare Prov. 1:24-26; Luke 19:42-44. V. 37. *Jesus stood and cried*—as a priest, according to custom, was pouring out water before the altar. *Thirst*—Isa. 55:1; John 6:35; Rev. 22:17. V. 38. *Living water*—a living fountain shall be opened within him whence shall flow streams refreshing his own soul and the souls of others. V. 39. *Not yet given*—so largely and gloriously as he would afterward be. V. 40. *The prophet*—the one whom they expected to come before the Christ. Matt. 16:14; John 1:21. V. 41. *The Christ*—the Anointed One, the promised Saviour. V. 42. *Hath not the scripture said*—Ps. 132:1; Jer. 23:5; Mic. 5:2. All this was fulfilled in Jesus, as they might have found out if they had taken the pains to inquire.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—For what purpose did Jesus go to Jerusalem? What did the feast of tabernacles commemorate? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE STARTLING WORD. vs. 31-36.—Where did Jesus teach during the feast? What did the rulers seek to do? v. 30. Who believed on him? On what ground did they believe? What did the Pharisees and chief priests do? What did Jesus say to them? What did he tell them he would do? What did the Jews say among themselves?

II. THE BLESSED INVITATION. vs. 37-39.—What is meant by the *last day*? What did Jesus cry? What invitation is here given? What is faith in Jesus Christ? What promise is here made? Of whom did Jesus speak this? What is said of the Holy Spirit?

III. THE DIVIDED OPINION. vs. 40-44.—What effect had these words upon the people? Whom did they mean by *the Prophet*? What did others say? What scripture reasons did some give why Jesus was not the Christ? Why were these reasons of no force? What would some of them have done? Why did no man lay hands on him?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus will satisfy every thirsty soul that comes to him.
2. That wilful ignorance will not excuse us for neglecting the truth.
3. That Jesus is the Christ of God.
4. That we should receive him as our Prophet, Priest and King.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. For what purpose did Jesus go to Jerusalem? Ans. To attend the feast of tabernacles.
2. What *invitation* did Jesus give on the last day of the feast? Ans. If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.
3. What did some say of him? Ans. This is the Christ.
4. What did others say? Ans. Shall Christ come out of Galilee?

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 6, 1891.

THE TRUE CHILDREN OF GOD.—John 8:31-47.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."—John 1:12.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 8:12-30.—Christ Teaching in the Temple.
T. John 8:31-47.—The True Children of God.
W. John 8:48-59.—"Before Abraham was, I Am."
Th. Rom. 6:7-23.—Freed From Sin.
F. Rom. 8:12-23.—The Liberty of the Children of God.
S. Gal. 4:1-11.—No More a Servant, but a Son.
S. 1 John 3:1-17.—"Now are we the Sons of God."

LESSON PLAN.

I. God's Children are Free. vs. 31-36.
II. God's Children Love Christ. vs. 37-42.
III. God's Children Hear God's Words. vs. 43-47.

TIME.—A.D. 29, October, the day after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the court of the temple.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 31. *Which believed on him*—Revised Version, "which had believed him." *If ye continue in my word*—continue to receive it, to study it, to live by it, to obey it. V. 32. *The truth shall make you free*—free from the bondage of ignorance, error and sin. V. 33. *Abraham's seed*—therefore not slaves, but freemen. V. 34. *Committeth sin*—lives in habitual sin. V. 35. *Abideth not*—may at any time be cast off or sold. *Abideth ever*—cannot be sold or cast off. V. 36. *Free indeed*—delivered from the bondage of sin and made the children of God. V. 38. *Your father*—the devil. (See ver. 44.) V. 39. *Ye would do the works of Abraham*—mirror sonship where there is not likeness. V. 42. *If God were your Father*—their hatred of Jesus showed that they were not the children of God. V. 47. *He that is of God*—his child.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. GOD'S CHILDREN ARE FREE. vs. 31-36.—What did Jesus say to the Jews who believed him? What is the true test of discipleship? What is the effect of knowing the truth? What did the Jews reply? How did Jesus answer them? How are habitual sinners slaves? Who only can free them? What did Jesus say of those thus made free?

II. GOD'S CHILDREN LOVE CHRIST. vs. 37-42.—How did Jesus show their inconsistency? Why did they seek to kill him? How did he show the contrast between himself and them? Whom did they claim as their father? How did Jesus show the falsity of this claim? In what sense were they not Abraham's children? In what sense were they? What charge did he make against them? What did they reply? How did Jesus show this to be untrue?

III. GOD'S CHILDREN HEAR GOD'S WORDS. vs. 43-47.—Whom did Jesus declare to be their father? How did he describe him? What reason did he give for their disbelieving him? What demand did he make of them? How did he further show that they were not the children of God?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That true faith will show itself in obedience.
2. That those who live in sin are the devil's slaves.
3. That the Christian is the only true freeman.
4. That Christ alone can give us the liberty of the sons of God.
5. That if we are the children of God, we will be like him and obey him.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Jesus say to those who believed him? Ans. If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.
2. What did he promise them? Ans. Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
3. What did he say of those who continue in sin? Ans. They are the slaves of sin and the children of the devil.
4. How may the slaves of sin be freed from bondage? Ans. If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.
5. What have you learned about the true children of God? Ans. They are like their Father, they hear his words and love him.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KISSING GOOD-BY.

A kiss he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter;
A trifle, you say, to color a day,
Yet the dull grey morn seemed brighter.
For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness;
A small, slight thing can make us sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness,
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where strife
No foothold can discover,
And be lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah! sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling,
When a face lies hid 'neath a coffin-lid,
And bitter tears are falling.
We fain would give half the life we live
To undo our idle scorning:
Then let us not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.
—Lillian Plunkett in San Francisco Call.

HINTS FOR THE HOME TAILOR.

It is singular that so little tailoring is done at home when so many women are their own dressmakers. Tailoring is much the easier, and the saving is greater, considering the amount of labor involved.

Any woman who is a neat hand-sewer, and who has sufficient "knack" to fit a dress nicely, can make vests, trousers and boys' suits of which a tailor need not be ashamed.

Women, as a rule, are more painstaking than men, and therefore better adapted to this work. All that is necessary is a good pattern, cut by a tailor, after taking proper measurements of the person to be fitted.

Amateurs would better experiment only with fine, soft cloth, and begin with trousers, as they are easier to make. Before cutting out a garment smooth the goods with the hand to ascertain which way the "nap" runs, and cut so that in each piece the nap will run downwards.

It is better to have the tailor cut the first pair of trousers, and after saving a pattern of them for future use, have him press the goods into shape for you, to get the proper "spring" at the instep. If you are a wise woman you will observe how this is done, so that next time you will be able to do it yourself. In making up a cloth garment, much of the style and finish depend upon having the seams and stitching perfectly straight.

Put in pocks as and flies first, and press. Use only the best material for pockets, such as butcher's linen or the stoutest drilling; for the backs of vests, the best quality of silesia. All seams should be notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. It is well for a novice to have a tailor-made suit near at hand to serve as a guide.

Pressing is a very important part of the work. Always remove the iron before the steam ceases to rise, or the goods will look shiny. Instead of finishing trousers around the bottom in the old way, get some strips of glue from the tailor,—it comes in sheets about the color and thickness of brown paper cambric,—turn up a hem an inch and a quarter wide, lay in the glue and baste the hem in the usual way; make very damp and press with a warm iron until nearly dry.

Every mother of growing boys knows what an expense it is to get them nicely fitted out with clothing for the winter. If she is a good judge of material and has leisure for such work, let her go to a tailor shop, where she will be pretty sure to find an accumulation of remnants in sufficient lengths to make suits for boys of twelve or fourteen. These can often be had in a quality that would cost from $7.00 or $8.00, when bought ready made, for about $2.00 at the shop; 75 cents more will buy the necessary buttons and linings, and when home-made, one can rest secure in the knowledge that buttons will not be off or seams ripped the first time the garment is worn.

After a little practice, a deft needle-woman can make them look much neater than the bungling plaited ready-made suits that people of moderate means feel obliged to buy for their children.

These remnants are probably most desirable for making boys' knee pants, as all boys wear out pants sooner than coats, and the cost of ready-made pants, even if the merchant can be induced to sell them separately, is out of all proportion to their value.

Sufficient material to make a lady's coat in one of the many popular styles of the season would be called a remnant at the tailor's, and would be sold proportionately low. The tailor would cut it for 25 cents, so that a stylish coat could be made at home at a merely nominal cost. The wee giblie, too, could be likewise fitted out in cunning little wraps at a trifling cost.

When the state of the family finances makes it necessary to do such work at home, there is a certain satisfaction in being able to do it and do it well; but, unless there is such necessity, it is a mistaken ambition which prompts a mother to crowd as much work into a year of her life as she possibly can.—*Household.*

NOT A BAD WAY AFTER ALL.

Rachel Greene had not married hastily and recklessly; her husband was a sober upright man, who observed Sunday as a day of rest from labor. And thus she had before her every prospect of God's blessing. Nevertheless, she had set her mind on the accomplishment of a task. Let me tell you what it was.

William went to church sometimes, and she hoped to induce him to make it a rule; further, she wanted to order her little home after the fashion of her own pious mother, who suffered no work on God's day which was not absolutely needful.

So on the first Saturday of her married life, Rachel's head was very busy in pondering these things, and her hands were equally hard worked. First of all she rose a full hour earlier, on the plea that she wanted to "get forward," and thus there was none of the late cleaning, and scrubbing, and tidying, which makes a man's home a place where there is no rest when he comes in from work.

No! this bright young wife was dressed trimly by four o'clock, and ready for a walk with her husband, her marketing done, and even her cooking for the morrow far advanced. This, however, was her secret until the morning.

"You'll come to church with me, William," she said, coaxingly; "you promised I should not have to go alone."

"So I did," he answered, "but that's no reason either of us should be there this morning. Cook a nice bit of dinner, Rachel, for our first Sunday, and I'll look at my paper and smoke my pipe."

But Rachel looked downcast, and in these early days William Greene could not see that without giving way, but he certainly did not seem pleased when his wife said:—

"As for dinner, I thought you would not mind mother's way, William, of cold meat on Sunday."

"Cold dinner, Sundays!" was the answer. "It's all nonsense, girl; and nonsense you can't expect me to give in to."

Nor would Greene speak another word between his cottage door and the door of the church.

Perhaps he was not well pleased with himself; perhaps he wondered whether Rachel would show any temper or resentment. This I cannot tell you. I will only say that in the worship of God the young wife gained new strength, and courage, and hope to serve him truly, and make his day a real Sabbath; and thus she did not mar its peace by letting a shadow rest on her bright face, but talked as merrily as they went home as if nothing had happened to grieve her.

While her husband talked with a neighbor over the gate, she had warmed up the good broth made on Saturday, and set it smoking on the table as he came in. The potatoes had baked themselves nicely in the oven, and no one could have said that with such an accompaniment cold meat was a hardship, and last of all there was the apple pie Rachel had manufactured on the previous day, and kept out of sight as a surprise.

"Well!" exclaimed Greene, after he had finished an excellent dinner, "I won't say another word against your mother's way, Rachel. It's not a bad way, after all, and I only wish every one had fared as well as I have to-day."

Try Rachel's fashion, some of you wives and mothers! Not to set a careless, comfortless meal before a hard-working husband, who has, perhaps, but Sunday free from the hurry and bustle of his calling. So to arrange that God's own day is one of peace and order; that there is nothing wanting on your part to make it what it should be—a time when, in a well-managed home, parents and children may have leisure to think of the better home above, and to prepare for that "eternal Sabbath," of which these earthly Sabbaths are intended to remind us.

A little forethought, a little care, and good resolution, perhaps some gentle, kindly persuasion—with these, surely, we may all manage that regard to this best day of all the week, which will secure us blessing in the toils and troubles of the days which follow.—*Friendly Greeting.*

NOISY BOYS.

All boys are not noisy, and all noisy boys are not the best boys. The nursery tradition that boisterous and unmanageable boys make energetic and powerful men is only a tradition, and a foolish one at that. There is no sense in the idea that boys are necessarily rough and rude, and that to curb them is to hurt them. No boy should be allowed unrestrained liberty in giving vent to his exuberance. He may be very jolly without being very noisy, and very active without being a mischief-worker and a nuisance.

Much depends upon training. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." A father once vowed to let his youngest son grow up without any paternal restraint whatever, just to see how bad a wretch he would make. The unfortunate boy became a nuisance at eight, a terror at twelve, and was lodged in state prison for life before reaching his majority. Our prisons and reformatories are full of just such uncurbed youths. The father who allows his boy to do as he pleases when he pleases to be bad, to be out late at night without knowing where he is, to plunge to his wit's end in mischief and vice without correction, is not only committing a crime against society, but bringing disgrace upon his own name and handing down to coming generations a bundle of depravity worse depraved.

Teach your boys to be gentle boys if you would have them grow up gentlemen. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have owed their distinction to the discipline and instruction they received in childhood. John and Charles Wesley both had energy enough in them to supply a half-dozen common men, but in their boyhood they were noted for quietness. Mrs. Wesley, their mother, was a remarkable woman, and resolute in her purpose to allow no noise in the family. She was often both nursery-maid and teacher, and though she had nineteen children, and they were educated at home, the mother so ruled as to keep them quiet and in order. They were not allowed to cry in infancy, nor to be noisy in later years. Her neighbors used to say, in wonder: "Nobody would know there was a child in the house. How does she do it?" She did it by virtue of good common sense and the grace of God. Every mother may not be a Mrs. Wesley, but she can teach her boy to behave himself and act as a boy should.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

DRESSING PLAINLY.

Fashion plates and imported costumes delight the feminine world and offer useful suggestions each season, but who wants really to look like a fashion plate, and how many women can afford to dress in an imported gown every day and at all times of the day? Some wearers have a positive dislike of a new gown, simply because it is such a patent of fashion. Most prefer to gain suggestions from the colored plates rather than to copy them in their entirety. The gown worn more than any other in this country, in which the typical family keeps only one servant, and half the time between "changes of help" is engaged in domestic occupations, is the house gown made of gingham, cambric or calico in the plainest and neatest manner. This gown, with that business suit worn by working-women, should be particularly attractive. Yet it is by no means always becoming or graceful. The ginghams, covered with bouquets of white flowers, the lawns and pale pink and blue chambrays, make cool house gowns, much more becoming than the dark calicoes which some women seem to think the necessary uniform for daily work. The plain, round skirt and waist sewed together, and worn with a wide belt, make one of the most desirable house gowns. A becoming touch may be added by a trimming of embroidery upon the front of the waist or by a tucked yoke. A white lawn with blue figures is given a pretty effect by a blue hamburg edging and blue ribbon bows.

As lace run with ribbon is now quite fashionable, lace and ribbon at the throat and wrists make a pretty finish.

The plain wrapper, close fitting at front and back, is in fashion again, but it may be said that styles in wrappers are more apt to be permanent than in any other style of dress. The especial fancy for this season seems to be that of yokes which are made of tucks; these and Watteau plaits are most desired.—*Boston Journal.*

RECIPES.

MUFFINS BAKED ON THE GRIDDLE.—Measure out three scant cupsful of flour after sifting, and sift with three heaping teaspoonsful of baking-powder. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, one well-beaten egg and a pint of sweet milk. Butter the muffin rings and the griddle, and have the latter hot. Lay the rings on it and fill them three-quarters full of batter. Do not cook them on the hottest part of the stove. When the muffins are done on one side turn them with the spatula, rings and all, and slip the rings off.

RICE WAFFLES.—Sift a pint and a half of flour with two teaspoonsful of baking-powder, add one pint and a half of sweet cold milk, two teaspoonsful of melted butter, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, and three well-beaten eggs. Then add one cupful of cold, boiled rice. Heat the waffle-iron, and grease well before filling. This recipe can also be used for plain waffles by omitting the rice. Butter and sugar the waffles after they are baked, and serve them two laid together.

PUZZLES NO. 15.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Find the chapter to which these questions refer. At the beginning of the story we are told how one man met several others very unwillingly: heaven and earth are mentioned in the verse, also an animal, and a tree is described. The next verse tells how a stranger slight is described to a great soldier. Then follows a reproof and the mention of a sum of money in silver, the same weight as the gold bracelets given by Eliezer to Rebekah. An article of clothing is also named with which the hands of Agabus were bound. Then followeth indignant reply in which is mentioned a sum a hundred times larger than the former one, and an expression occurs very similar to one in 1 Sam. xxvii. 9 and 2 Sam. i. 14. Two other great soldiers are named, and the words of a king are quoted, followed by reproach. A deliberate murder is then recorded committed by eleven men. Next an instrument of music is mentioned and a large concourse of people. In the last verse something is named described in Joshua vii. 26 by the same four words.

NUMERICAL.

The only true *entire*,
In rich or poor attire,
Is not the worth
Which comes from birth,
Of wealth which men acquire.

Some 2, 3, 4, 6, 5,
Because they do not thrive,
8, 1, 7 blame,
In envy's name,
The rich, and cease to strive.

The character decides
True *total*; for it guides
The upright mind
Its kin to find,
Where excellence abides.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A patriarch of whom a preacher tells?
Father of one who wilfully rebels?
City to which a blinded man is brought?
A Jebusite of whom some beasts are bought?
A royal matron taken from her land
With son and servants, by a heathen band?

Take now these letters, first and last, and tell
The heathen idols which they serve to spell.

ANAGRAM.

"Some hale men study" facts to change,
And "sly men use a method" strange,
As if they were afraid forsooth
In language plain to tell the truth.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 14.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.—Elijah, Ahab, and Obadiah, 1 Kings xviii. Ahab and Obadiah sought grass; Elijah was in search of Ahab. The commands are found in verses 1, 5, 8, 10, 23, 33, 40, 41, 42, and 44. Jezreel was the home of Ahab.

CHARADE.—Penmanship.

RIDDLE.—Windmill.

ENIGMA,—

T arshish.
H anan.
Y oke.
W ater-pots.
I saac.
L ot.
L ucifer.
B alaam.
E li.
D arius.
O badiah.
N azareth.
E gypt.

The Family Circle.

A BLIND POET'S HYMN.

O Love! that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer fuller be.

O Light! that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy! that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross! that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

[The author of this beautiful hymn is Dr. Mathieson, of Edinburgh, who is totally blind. He is one of the most eloquent preachers in Scotland, and an author of no mean repute.]

BENNIE PUTTING HIS HANDS UP.

It was a soft, gray twilight all about the Potwin farm-house. Night was deepening.

"Hark, Mother!"

The farmer and his wife carefully listened.

"Sounds like a cry," said Mrs. Potwin.

"So it does," said Farmer Potwin, "but where is it? Oh, I know!"

He opened the cellar-door, and thrust his head down into the shadows.

"I don't hear anything," he remarked.

"Oh, I know!" declared his wife.

She ran to the stairway leading up to the second floor and listened for any sound that might come down the stairway like a cascade descending from step to step.

"Nothing!" she said, shaking her head.

"Oh, I know!" said Farmer Potwin, triumphantly. "I have it now."

He went upstairs with something of the nimbleness of a boy's gait, and then ran his long, cane-like neck up the garret stairs.

"Nothing!" he muttered.

Not satisfied, he went up into the very garret-shadows. He poked along under the rafters, seeing and hearing nothing and saying "Nothing" twice, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Ow! There is something. An old nail I hit my head against!" He laughed heartily, for Farmer Potwin had the reputation of being a "dreadfully good-natured man." Then he went downstairs and joined his wife.

"I thought, husband," said the farmer's wife, "that I heard the noise out-doors. And I am dreadfully worried. Do you know where Bennie is? Have you seen him?"

"Why no, I thought he went to the village."

"Yes, but he ought to have been back before this. Do you suppose—"

"Suppose what?"

"He can be making that noise?"

"Come out doors," said Farmer Potwin, seizing his old felt hat.

Bennie was very dear to the grandparents with whom he lived. The faintest suggestion that Bennie in any way might be the author of that strange outcry and might need their help was sufficient to alarm them seriously.

"There! It is in the barn. Hear it, wife?" cried Farmer Potwin, halting on the doorstep.

They ran to the barn. They opened the little red door in the south-eastern corner. They passed between the tall, bulging hay-mows. They looked into the shadowy cattlestalls. Farmer Potwin opened the door of a little tool-house, under the so-called "big west-mow," and then entered it. "Can't see a thing," he murmured. Baffled, he came out again.

"Oh, husband!" said Mrs. Potwin. "There it is. In the small barn, I know."

They ran to an adjoining building, and the moment they opened the door a full-sized boy's shriek was heard.

"The cistern!" gasped Farmer Potwin, moving forward cautiously, for it was quite dark in the small barn.

"Do—do—oh, look out—oh—oh—" ejaculated his wife. "Don't go too near!"

While this voice was cautioning the farmer, a pitiful voice from some unseen depth urged him forward. "Grandpa, I'm in the cistern."

"In the cistern," moaned his grandmother.

This was a cistern that was not a cistern. It was a cemented pit excavated years ago to hold water for any stock in his barn. The stock had gone and the water had been pumped out.

"Fill it up," said his wife.

"I shall want to put something in it sometime," the farmer repeatedly had told her.

"He had got his 'something' at last," now thought his wife, but she prudently smothered it and did not even say, "I told you so."

"Where are you, Bennie?" said the old man, crouching down by the mouth of the cistern.

"Here, here! I can't see you."

"Well, don't worry, I'm here just the same. You can hear me."

Here the farmer reached his hands down into the cistern while he lay flat upon the floor.

"Now, Bennie, where are you? Put your hands up."

"But I can't see your hands."

"No matter. The hands are down where you are, though you can't see them. Feel round after them."

Soon the farmer's big warm hand felt the touch of something cold and small.

"There, there," he said, soothingly. "Now let me get a good firm hold. There for ye. Now—up—up—up. Here you are! Up like Joseph out of his pit, only you've got among friends."

"Bless his heart," said his grandmother, springing forward. "Where is he?"

"Look out, Keziah," said grandpa, administering complacently a caution in his turn. "Look out, or you will go down next, and I shall have you to draw out."

"Bless his heart, I don't care if I do get in now he is out," said the grandmother, hugging Bennie and almost smothering him in her embrace.

"I—thank—you ever so much—I didn't mean to get there, but I came—for—some of—my things, and the floor gave way," explained Bennie.

He kept various pieces of boy-property in this part of the small barn, and visiting them he had unintentionally got into trouble.

"I'll fill that hole up to-morrow," said the farmer.

"Good," said the farmer's wife, but to herself, not aloud.

This affair made a deep impression on Bennie's mind. Sometimes he would imagine that he was Joseph in the Bible pit of old, and that grandpa would come and rescue him from Joseph's brethren. Then again he was only Bennie in the barn-cistern, and he could feel the firm, strong while kindly grasp of his grandfather's hands. It used to interest and divert his thoughts if anything troubled him.

By and by came a use of the adventure that he could little have anticipated. There was in many homes in that community, one day, an interest in the things that are better and lasting and heavenly. There were frequent services in the church. The bell up in the tall gray tower often called the people to the House of God. It was said of this one and then of that one that they were seeking the Saviour. Then it would be told of some one that they had "found a hope." All this deeply impressed Bennie.

"I—I—would like to be a Christian," he often thought, "if—if I only knew how."

He prayed earnestly as it seemed to him, but he did not come into peace.

His grandfather noticed it. "Bennie, dear," he said.

"What, sir?"

"You don't make much headway in your praying, do you?"

"No, sir; it is all dark above me. I don't seem to get near God."

"Well, let me tell you something. Do you remember when you got into the cistern?"

"Yes, sir."

"I put my hands down and I told you to put your hands up, but you said you could not see my hands. I told you not to mind that, only to put your hands up, and didn't I get hold of them?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, why don't you put your hands up and trust God, the same way you did me? He has got his hands down all the time, you may be sure of that. You trust him. You leave it all to him."

Bennie said nothing more then. He went away.

He went back that very day. A smile was on his face. "Grandpa" he whispered, "I put my hands up and trusted and God has got hold of them now."—*Watchman.*

HOW ALICE STOOD THE TEST.

Things always went very quietly in the little Derbyshire village of Anchorchurch. This was partly because it was hardly big enough to make a bustle, just a half-dozen cottages, the squire's hall, and those two places to be found everywhere—the public house and the blacksmith's forge. Then beside it, under its high banks with their green ferns and whispering leaves above, the river Trent slowly swept by, hardly making a sound among the rushes, until a mile away it tumbled over the stones of the weir.

In the cottage near the dell lived Alice, a bright lass of about twelve summers, with a ringing laugh and nimble feet, the very pet of her father the blacksmith, "the apple of his eye," as he used to call her. When on Sunday the good man put on a frock coat and a black top hat to take his turn as local preacher at the villages near, Alice often went with him, and had many a good high time on the road. Two things the sturdy blacksmith used to impress on the mind of his little daughter. "My lass," he would say, "serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and be a brave teetotaller."

One morning Alice came running up to the forge with a letter in her hand, and in high spirits. "Look, father, a letter from auntie in London, and they want me to go and spend a holiday with them! Isn't it grand?"

Her father stooped down and gave her a kiss, and told her she should go, much as he would miss her. She ran back with joy to tell her mother.

"Bless the child, I don't like to refuse; they're rich folk there, and maybe will be good to her, and might not forget her even when I'm gone."

Who can tell the excitement of those next three days? The bits of sewing and ironing mother had to do, the packing of the wonderful box which father carried on his shoulder all the way to the station, the bidding good-bye, not without tears, all round, the last injunctions and blessings; and then Alice, all by herself, with her ticket carefully pinned to her dress in front, was on her way. She wiped her eyes soon and the sorrow of leaving her parents gave place to the wonder and anticipation of what she should see in London.

"I wonder whether I shall like auntie and uncle? I must not forget what father said, 'If they're not teetotallers, Alice, stand firm, my lass.' Yes, I'll stand firm."

Then she reached King's Cross, and soon was in the cab with her auntie, who seemed very kind. Little Alice, though a bit tired with her journey, was almost too excited to talk. That evening she made acquaintance with her uncle, a rather rosy-faced, loud-speaking man, who prided himself on being good-hearted, but always having his own way. That night when Alice got to her little bedroom she felt just a little scrap lonely to think of her dear father and mother being so far away, but after her prayers, filled with recollections of them, she fell asleep. Next day, when out in the wonderful London streets, looking at the fine shops, her auntie said something to her.

"How do you like your uncle, my dear?"

"Very much, auntie, thank you."

"Now, listen, Alice; he wants to be very kind to you, and you must not be surprised if he takes you out and buys you nice things too. You see we have no children of our own."

"Oh, auntie, that is good of him; I will do all I can to please him, and show him I am grateful."

"That's right; the next Sunday—it's only once a week we have it—he will ask you to have a glass of wine. Of course, you won't say 'no,' will you?"

Little Alice's face fell, but she mustered up courage to say, "Auntie, you know I wear the blue ribbon, and never touch anything of that sort."

"Oh, nonsense, child, just for once I'm sure you might."

Sunday came. Poor little lass, with what misgivings she looked forward to dinner time! But she had asked God to help her, and her text that morning was "I am with thee;" so why should she fear.

"Here, Alice, take a glass of wine, dear."

"No, uncle, thank you, I'm a teetotaller, you know."

Uncle was astounded and angry. First, however, he tried by kind words to move her resolution, told her it would do her good ("poor child, you can't get such good stuff at home I know"); then, growing vexed, he told her plainly that if she was so obstinate she might go home again to-morrow, he had never been so rudely treated by a child before. She cried bitterly, her little heart was so full; but for all that she was brave, and stuck to her colors like a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

Later on in the afternoon, her aunt, who was a little afraid of offending her husband, found her little guest sitting in her room, and began to upbraid her.

"Well, you've done for yourself now, Alice. Your uncle is quite put out, and says it is no good trying to be kind to such as you. You will have to go back to-morrow."

What a blow this was to Alice! To lose all the sights, to go home disgraced—nay, not disgraced, for she knew those dear ones at home would tell her she had done right. So with tears she could not keep back, she tied up her box again, looking regretfully at the clean clothes and fresh trimmed dresses which her mother had prepared for her, all to go back unused, but "I will be with thee," was her text, and she felt it true.

Her uncle said good-bye to her at breakfast with just a tinge of tenderness in his voice, he had slept off his temper, and an hour afterwards when they were just ready to go to the station, to the astonishment of both, he came back from the city.

"Has Alice gone, dear!"

"No, George, we were just off though."

"Then tell her she shall stay. Where is she?"

Alice came forward, half afraid something else had happened.

"Look here, child, you are a plucky little girl for sticking to your principles, and I am very sorry I pressed you to take that wine. Take your things off dear, and you shall stay as long as you like, for something tells me that after all you are right and I am wrong."

What could Alice do but give her uncle a big kiss, and (would you believe it) all the time Alice was there the wine and beer were kept off the table, and when the last morning did come, and she really had to say "good-bye," what do you think he said to her?

"Good-bye, Alice, give my love at home. What do you think your auntie and I said to each other last night? Why, we said that, having done so long without it, we would not drink any more of that which you would not take, and we have to thank you, my lassie, for that good resolution."

Don't you think Alice had a nice journey home? Can't you just imagine how her father and mother kissed the maid again and again, when in her cottage home she told them all about it?

Girls and boys! like Alice, *stand the test.*—*Band of Hope Review.*

Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!

DEUT. 32: 29.

REV. JOHN MACGOWAN.

L.M.S. MISSIONARY AT AMOY, SOUTH CHINA.

It was a missionary anniversary, and, attracted by the announcement of some wonderful scenes, the boys came in full force. While the minister read a thrilling incident from the life of Dr. Moffat, there sat entranced a sturdy, rosy-cheeked boy, with bright twinkling eyes, from whose consciousness the church vanished, and the people around seemed to change into a savage chief with a group of bloodthirsty warriors, while in front of them stood a stronger, grander warrior, alone and without arms, but speaking in such bold and convincing tones that all quailed before him and gradually succumbed, while in far-off encampments men and women breathed freely, for no longer would they be plundered and slain.

When the romantic story ended, the pastor said: "I wonder which of you boys here to-day would like to be a missionary." Still under the enchantment, and with the feeling that he was surrounded by the dusky crowd, the rosy-cheeked boy stood, and, raising high his hand, said, in tones that could be heard throughout the church, "I'll be a missionary."

God accepted that offer. Years rolled by, and many opposing circumstances arose, only to be one by one set aside by the "hand that ruleth." The same Acceptor also ordained that the vivid imagination, the chivalrous spirit, the indomitable will, the graceful *tact*, the *sagacity* and shrewdness, as well as the lively spirit and charming bonhommie, which He knew to be in that boy, should be devoted to a country where they would have ample scope and all be needed: so he was sent to China. Those who now look at the active figure, and come under the spell of this brightest of missionaries fully recognize the wisdom Divine.

Born at Belfast in 1835, Mr. Macgowan came to London as a young man, and joined the Scotch church in Regent square. After studying at the English Presbyterian College in London, he was, in 1859, accepted by the London Missionary Society, and appointed to Shanghai. Before sailing, he married Miss E. S. Butt, of Morpeth.

In 1863 he joined the Amoy Mission, the climate there being thought more suitable for Mrs. Macgowan. It is in this city of Amoy and the surrounding country that the marvellous development of Christianity has taken place which has placed it in point of the number of its converts at the head of all Chinese stations. It would be ungenerous, however, to lay too great stress upon this, for Mr. Macgowan, like most missionaries, knows the fallacy of reckoning heads as the absolute test of success. They can at best only be regarded as visible fruits; there are many "hidden ones" yet to be revealed who, though their names come not on a mission register, yet have their "names enrolled in heaven." Thus, while recently visiting so many parts of England, he might well have dwelt much on statistics, he rather chose to narrate scenes in mission work, or histories of converts. This was done in such a realistic manner as to seem like portions of the "Acts of the Apostles" with incidents of Chinese life put in, and gave to hearers a much clearer view of the methods, peculiarities, trials, and successes of mission work. One thing was noticeable, the whole burden of the story was the Master's work; and, in the intense desire to tell it, the personal trials, privations, and sufferings undergone were forgotten. Yet anyone reflecting upon the bright and joyous pictures, or the darker sides, often forming so strange a contrast, must feel that much of trial, faith, and patience, were needed and practised ere that story could be told.

In explanation of the often apparent slowness of the rate of progress which we find hard to understand here in England (accustomed for centuries to spiritual teaching, until it has become a Divine heirloom to the nation), Mr. Macgowan offers the following illustration of his work in villages around Koan-Khau where the people had for years been visited by all kinds of mission agencies:—

"Though eager with curiosity, they were not so responsive as we, with our strong faith, expected they would be. As we began to speak every voice was hushed and every face turned to us, but there was a lack of intelligent understanding of what we said that oppressed us. The simplest truths were explained as though we were talking to children, but they could not grasp them. The *vis inertiæ* of heathenism is a force that paralyses the spiritual faculties and renders men incapable of at first comprehending spiritual truths. It is a factor, however, with which we have to deal every time we come in contact with a heathen audience. As we proceeded with the exposition of the very elements of religion, we saw a gradual change come over the faces before us. A look of intelligence flashed over them. We took our illustrations from nature around us—these they could understand. Through them their thoughts were taken up to the great Father, the Creator of them all, and now they became absorbed. We spoke again of a Saviour that had come to redeem men from sin and to comfort them in the sorrows and miseries of life. A still brighter flash lights up their faces. We felt a current of sympathy flow between them and us. We forgot the day was hot. Our fan was poised motionless in our hand, as we caught the signs of the increasing interest. We were all unconscious that the perspiration was streaming down us. We had touched them with the Divine message, and had the ecstasy of feeling that the hearts around were as human as our own, and could be reached by the same Gospel that had filled ours with hope and gladness." It seems strange that, with every page of the Gospels

THE REV. JOHN MACGOWAN.

stamped with the difficulty which the monotheistic Jews had to understand the spiritual part of the Master's teaching, Christians should expect from Chinese heathen such a ready comprehension of the same truths.

We are glad that the London Missionary Society has published Mr. MacGowan's unique and picturesque addresses. In them may be seen proud scholars humbled by the truth, wretched gamblers arrested in their course, and hopeless opium smokers filled with higher thoughts and inspirations than they conceived possible before.

In consequence of Mrs. Macgowan's ill-health, they left for England in September, 1864; but she died at sea on October 29. Mr. Macgowan soon returned to his beloved work; and in March, 1868, he married the daughter of Rev. L. B. Peet, of the American Board for Missions, stationed at Foochow.

The whole of Mr. Macgowan's career has been that of a missionary whose one thought is to preach far and near in the busy streets, in the villages up among the hills, boating along the seashore, visiting the rough and stalwart fisher-folk; adding to the ceaseless itineration the care of the fifty-six churches scattered over his wide district. While maintaining discipline, he has used every means to promote the growth of self-reliance among these churches. Twenty-one maintain their own pastors and find all needful expenses, while many others supply a large proportion of the money needful for their support. He is well aware that the greater part of the work of evangelizing and Christianising China must be done by natives, and wisely seeks to use the abilities of all converts for this purpose. He says: "A very marked feature in the Amoy Mission is the fact that persons specially qualified by faith and character to be leaders of men were raised up by God at various periods of its history. God left nothing to accident or to the mere desultory preaching of a few foreign missionaries. Men of profound faith were called to stand by their side from amongst the people of the land, and to them belongs the honor of whatever success has been achieved in that region." These words are, beyond their obvious meaning, a revelation of the character which gives so high a place to the work of native helpers. Such a man can bear great success.—*The Christian.*

LAURA'S EXPERIENCE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

When Christine Wall's uncle John was going back to New York last summer, he said to her, "Come your father to bring you and Laura up to town some day, I will drive you out to the park and we will take luncheon at Blank's", naming a fashionable restaurant.

Christine's eyes sparkled. "That would be delightful! Indeed, we will come, uncle!"

The Wall girls had few amusements. Their father was a mechanic in a country town, with a limited income. But he was glad to bring any possible pleasure into their lives, and when he heard of his bachelor brother's invitation, he promised to take the girls in Christmas week to New York for the day.

"Just in time to see the city in its holiday dress," said Christine, laughing with delight.

"But what shall we wear?" asked Laura, anxiously.

"Our cloth dresses, of course," said Christine.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Laura. "Why, all the fashionable women in New York go to Blank's, and what would they think of those brown frocks?"

"They would think nothing," said Christine, "and if they did it would not matter to us." She went on quietly with her daily duties, keeping the thought of the day in New York to cheer her when she was tired.

But Laura was weighed down with anxiety. She consulted every fashion-paper within her reach; she held long consultations with the village dressmaker.

She and her sister were able to earn more or less of money at certain seasons of the year, by doing work at home for a manufacturing establishment in town. So she felt at liberty to incur some extra expense in dress. After much thought and hesitation she at last discovered that a certain color was in vogue in Paris. She bought a gown of it, which she had made in what she supposed was the extreme of fashion, going in debt to the shopkeeper, the dressmaker, and to the milliner, for a new hat, gloves, shoes, and a fine parasol carried the bills up to a height which it terrified her to think upon.

"But it would be impossible to appear among fashionable people in New York unfashionably dressed," she said.

"I do not see why," said Christine, calmly.

When the eventful day arrived and the girls with their father entered the great room at Blank's, their Uncle John glanced at Christine's plain brown gown and hat with a pleased smile. He knew nothing of details, but he saw that the dress was neat and becoming.

They passed to their table. Christine was delighted with the pretty room, and delicate dishes, the gay groups around her; but Laura could enjoy nothing, so great was her astonishment and chagrin. Not an eye rested on her or her gown. These people were all too busy with their own meals or companions to notice her.

The waiter, indeed, who served her like an automaton, observed her dress, and thought it loud and vulgar. But fortunately, Laura did not know that. The day was one of continued bitter mortifications to her. When she went home, her useless finery remained, and with it a load of debt which proved a burden of misery to her for months.

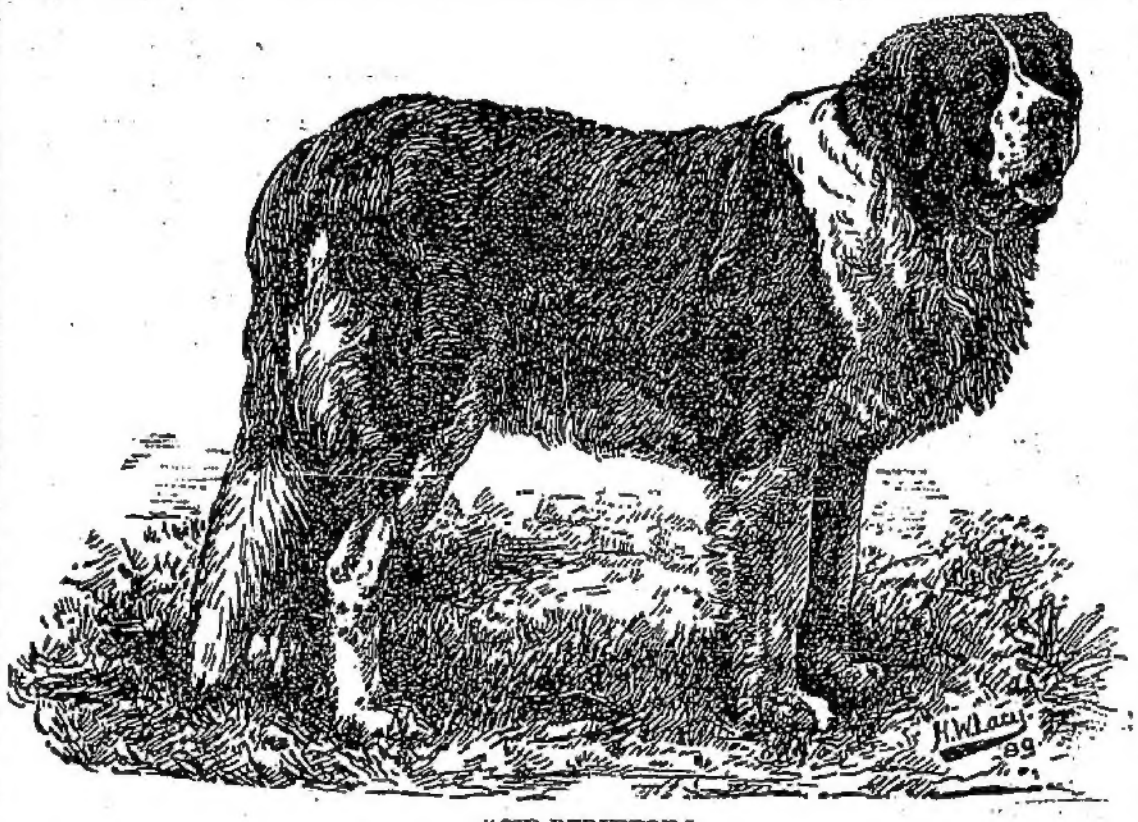
When at last it was paid, she said to her sister, with a laugh which was not far from tears, "Ah, Christine, how much worry and anxiety and money would be saved to a girl if she only knew in the beginning how insignificant a place she holds in the world!"

The lesson of our own *insignificance* is a bitter and hard one, which some men and women never learn. But those who do, find that it greatly simplifies the conditions of life and *lifts* them above all petty anxiety, envy and jealousy.

The poor in spirit reach even in this world the peace of the kingdom of heaven. —*Household.*

"THUS SAITH THE LORD."

Recognize as teachers the authoritative character of the Bible and impress upon your scholars more and more the idea that it is God who speaks in its pages, and not the teacher who explains his truth. We too often hear that the teacher said so and so, and rarely that God said so and so. We must strengthen our own faith in an inspired Bible, and then deepen and quicken the faith of the young in it. In these days, when the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures is so much questioned, the tendency is to weaken one's confidence in its authority and to adopt a species of eclecticism. Each man is inclined to regard himself as a judge as to what portion is divine, or what not; or to determine what he may believe, and what he may repudiate. The teacher who is weak on the divinity of God's Word will be weak as a teacher. He may be apt to teach and have much information, but he will fail of saving and life moulding influence, because he is not strongly grounded in the Scripture and does not bring the "Thus saith the Lord" to bear upon the conscience and the heart. We study about how "the word of the Lord came to Jonah;" so we must feel that it comes to us, and through us, to those whom we instruct. We must declare "the whole counsel of the Lord,"—the law as well as the gospel—judgment as well as mercy. At all times we are to speak for the Lord, and as he makes known his will. —*Presbyterian Observer.*



"SIR BEDIVERE."
THE MOST VALUABLE ST. BERNARD DOG IN THE WORLD.

THE FINEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

We were pleased to receive a call the other day from Mr. E. B. Sears, proprietor of *The Wyoming Kennels*, and owner of the world-renowned St. Bernard dog, "Sir Bedivere," who has taken so many gold cups and medals in European exhibitions.

Mr. Sears called to say that as some thousands of persons have expressed a wish to see this famous dog, he has concluded to place him on exhibition some day in the near future, of which notice will be duly given in the Boston daily papers,—at a small admission fee, and give the proceeds to our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

This dog cost Mr. Sears nearly seven thousand dollars, is now nearly four years old, of very rich orange color with perfect white markings and black shadings, and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds.

In answer to a question Mr. Sears writes us as follows: "With reference to there being a more valuable dog in New England or America, I can say without hesitancy or boasting that he is the finest dog in the world."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Mathews.)

CHAPTER X.—JIM'S TROUBLE.

So the summer wore on, this being our last excitement, or, at least, the last worthy of note. September's golden, hazy days were gone, and bright October nearly passed, bringing us to the time when we were to go back to our city home. We would have lingered still, had it not been for Edward and the boys, the latter of whom were at school; while these short days left little leisure, save on Sunday, for enjoyment of the country to the man of business whose occasional week-day visits began after dark, and ended with the early morning light.

Packing for the change of quarters was going on, and Milly's *proteges* were the busiest of the busy, Edward having dispensed with Bill's services for the present, in order that he might be of assistance to us, and also that he might enjoy these last few days in the country.

They were out by the kitchen porch, one morning, acting under the supervision of the gardener, who, having given them his orders, had left them for a time to attend to some other matters.

"O, ain't we jest been an' had the jolliest time all this summer! an' ain't we awful sorry, Bill, it's all over?" said Jim, regretfully, as he bent over a barrel, in the depths of which he was stowing away cauliflowers, carrots, and other winter vegetables, destined to accompany us to town; and to serve, now and then, not only the legitimate and practical purpose with which those edibles are intended to fulfil, but also as reminders of the dear old homestead where they had grown.

"Ain't we though! An' I do feel down in the mouth to think we've got to git to-morrer," answered Bill, equally energetic over past delights, and equally choice in the matter of language.

For although, as I have said, there had been a vast improvement in this respect, as well as in the manners of these youths since they had been brought under the influence of higher social advantages, and although Thomas did take much pains to train them in the way they should go, and bring all the weight of his own elegance to bear upon them, they were by no means yet perfect in syntax and other kindred matters, and were apt to lapse into their own peculiar style when alone with one another. At the present time, they were not aware of any overhearing ears, and permitted themselves such license as they chose.

There was a few moments' silence after Bill's response to Jim's regrets; at least there were no words, although both boys whistled "Champagne Charlie" in unison, as Jim packed away, and Bill rolled up a second barrel to be packed in its turn, when the first should be full.

The results of Bill's meditations presently made themselves known, as, having brought around his barrel, and set it up on end, he said:

"Jim, ain't it jest killin' to think how different me an' you is to what we was a year back? I'm jest fit to kill myself larfin' sometimes, when I think on ole times when we was loafin' round together—me an' you allers stuck together fust-rate, didn't we, Jim?"

"Yes," answered Jim, replying to the first question, but ignoring the second as being merely the statement of a fact which needed no confirmation. "Yes, who'd a-thought me an' you'd ever come to be so genteel? Do yer know, Bill, I hardly ever say none of those bad words now, nor you neither. We're gettin' to talk jest as fust-rate as the big swells theirselves!"

"It's mighty improvin' to be took up an' cared for by such folks as Miss Milly an' the boss," said Bill. "Yer'd be awful if yer didn't git better alongside of them. The rest of the family ain't bad, neither, 'specially the little gals,' he added, patronizingly.

"There!" said Jim, giving to an immense cauliflower, which he had just stored in the top of the barrel, an energetic slap not calculated to preserve it in its integrity, "there! that's full, chuck full! Now ole Burns—" the gardener, who was by no means friendly to these boys, by reason of divers small depredations committed, from time to time, upon his fruits and vegetables, depredations easily traced to their source, and which Burns conceived were not visited with sufficient severity by those in authority over the robbers—"now, ole Burns kin come an' head it up, jest as soon as he's a min' ter. Yes, Bill, it is jest surprisin' what sort o' chaps me an' you has come ter be, livin' reg'lar, an' mindin' our ways an' tongues. But—" with a certain wistfulness which sat strangely upon him—"but, Bill, you've done a heap more makin' up for it all than I've done. You went an' done that summer thanksgivin' of yourn, yer know, an' I ain't done nothin' to show Miss Milly. I know she's been fust-rate to me, an' would like to do somethin' fust-rate myself, too. Miss Milly, she sets a heap by yer for what yer done for that gal. I heard her a-sayin' things, an' she was a-kind of chucklin' over it, an' considerable set up in her own mind, 'cause the rest on 'em, yer know, thought we was awful bad ones, an' there wasn't no good to be looked for out of us. Don't I know 'em? They think we're a kind of Pharisees, makin' believe we're better nor we really are. I want to show 'em, an' I do want awful bad to do somethin' would make Miss Milly set up with me."

"I seen you doin' lots of thinkin', lately," said Bill, regarding his companion curiously, for this was a most unwonted mood with Jim. "Is it that you've been a-moonin' over?"

"Yes," answered Jim; then added, with a little hesitation, "that, an' somethin' else that bothers me. I say, Bill," embracing a large pumpkin, and standing with it in his arms, as he put the question, "I say, Bill, s'pose you done somethin you knew was awful when yer done it, an' after Miss Milly got hold on yer, yer got to know it was awfuller nor yer thought it was afore yer knew yer, an' she tole yer what was what; what then?"

This was somewhat enigmatical, not to speak of its incoherence; and Jim had the pumpkin put into its place at the bottom of the second barrel before Bill saw his way clear to a suitable answer. No Edipus could have given one more to the point, however.

"If I felt bad that I done it, I'd go an' undo it just as fast as I could," he said decidedly.

"But I ain't got nothin' to undo with," said Jim, despondently, "so 'tain't no use sayin' that, nor no use feelin' bad about it neither."

"Tell a feller about it," said Bill; to which the other replied by an expression more emphatic than elegant, refusing the confidence which Bill invited.

"Tell Miss Milly, then," was the next suggestion advanced by the latter; but this was not received with much more favor than his first piece of advice. Nevertheless, it bore fruit in time.

"Tell Miss Milly!" repeated Jim, with scorn. "That shows how much you know about it! Tell Miss Milly! Her hair would stan' on end if she knew it, an' as for the rest on 'em, they'd be for puttin' me out right straight off, an' no more questions ast. Shan't let none on 'em know a thing about it, not if I knows myself!"

"Then you'd best not try it," said Bill, as he looked wonderingly into the half-troubled, half-defiant countenance of his companion, and marvelled what had happened to affect him thus. It was not often that Jim's saucy face wore an expression like that, or that his voice and manner told so plainly of some anxiety or vexation.

There was another silence, of a few moments' duration, even the melodious whistling having ceased now, as the boys continued stowing away the vegetables.

"I wish we hadn't had to make no beginin'," said Jim, pausing in his work, as if the sense of his troubles was overwhelming him, and taking off his cap, and roughening up his hair with one hand.

"Beginnin' of what?" asked mystified Bill.

"No beginnin' of this! of gettin' to be like Miss Milly an' her sort of folks."

"Yer needn't trouble jest yet, then," said Bill, with a grin. "I guess we ain't come to be so much like Miss Milly, an' the other swells, that folks are goin' to take us for each other. I don't think we've begun on that yet, my child."

This tender appellation roused Jim from his despondency a little. He did not relish the patriarchal style of address; and the next moment Bill dodged a parsnip, flung at his head by the penitent.

"O, come, now! yer needn't come the father over me!" was the accompanying form of expostulation. "Anyhow," he continued, "Miss Milly tole me I was gettin' to be right polite; but that ain't what I'm thinkin' of, Bill, manners, an' them kind of things. It's that I wish we hadn't nothin' to go back to, that Miss Milly would be sorry over if she knew it, no make-ups to do, nothin' to be kinder shamed on when yer think outer it. If I on'y could get a make-up like you did, it would be so much odds; but them don't never come my way; and besides," lowering his voice to a more subdued tone, "besides, you never—I guess you never done anythin' quite so awful as what I done."

Jim's whole tone, manner and expression were so different from his usual reckless carelessness, and he dwelt with so much emphasis on the "awful thing" which he had done, that Bill's curiosity—which was at all times omniverous—was greatly excited.

"Well, I'd help yer outer it if I could," he said, "but what's a feller to do when he don't know nothin'?"

There was reason in this, as Jim felt; and after a little more consideration, he concluded to unburden his mind to his friend for the sake of receiving his sympathy, perhaps some advice which might prove serviceable.

"Well, here's what it is," he said at length, sitting down upon the lower step of the kitchen porch, before which they were busy, lowering his voice as he talked, and becoming for the time quite oblivious of the pile of vegetables still awaiting his services; while Bill went on with his work, spite of his interest in the tale. "Here's what it is, an' I'll reckon yer'll say yer don't know no more how to help a feller, when yer hear it nor yer do now."

Again he paused, as if not quite knowing how to begin his story; then continued:

"Now, I say, yer know Jack Barnes, don't yer?"

"Well, I guess me an' you ain't been chums so long for me not to know Jack Barnes," said Bill. "Yes, I know Jack Barnes."

"Well, he was awful good to me once. I had a fever once, 'fore ever I come across you; I dunno if ever I spoke about it to yer," said Jim.' "I reckon I wouldn't a-pulled through if it hadn't been him a-pulled me through. He nussed me as if I'd been his own boy or his brother, an' he wouldn't let 'em take me to the hospital, neither, though he did lose a whole lot of days' work a-stayin' with me. Well, he's gone out West, yer know, where I'm a-goin' to him some day; but afore he went he got a gal, an' had hisself married to her."

"Yes, an' a right nice gal she was, too," said Bill. "Mighty spry as ter clothes, an' purty lookin', too, an' a pleasant tongue in her head. Jack was right proud of her, an' said she was too good for him."

"Not too good for him," objected Jim. "There couldn't be nothin' too good for him if he got paid back in what he done for other folks, an' he'll be right good to her, I know; but she was uncommon spick and span alongside of him, an' she was always at him to wash and comb hisself. He got mighty genteel along of her preachin' at him. So Jack he thought he'd orter have a new shirt for the marryin', an' yer know they done it up in a sudden at the last, along of startin' off unexpected the nex' day; an' Jack he was busy as busy could be, an' he gimme a ten dollar bill an' says he, 'You go along down to that place what they calls Hous-er-Industry on Sixteenth street, where they sells shirts cheap to poor folks, an' you buy me one.' "No!" divining in a moment the suspicion which looked at him out of Bill's eyes, "no! I didn't clear out with Jack's money, nor no part of it. I wouldn't 'a' done that, nohow!"

"What then?" asked Bill, as he made another pause.

Jim went on more slowly and reluctantly, as if loth to continue his revelations.

(To be Continued.)

LIKE WHAT HE LOOKS AT.

A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. By a newsstand one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture.—*Talmage.*

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like to study, it "weakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day for all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."
But if there's a band, or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him, some day, I fear.
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."
But mention base-ball, and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon,
Do you think he "plays 'possum?" He seems quite sincere;
But—*isn't* he queer?

—*W. H. S., in St. Nicholas.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(*By Jomma H. Matthews.*)

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued.)*

"I went down to Sixteenth street, as Jack bid me, an' I tells the old woman what was tendin' shop what I was wantin', an' she shows me the shirts, an' I picks out one for a dollar, 'cause Jack he tole me, 'Don't yer give no more nor that,' an' I give her the tenner. An' she warn't no ways smart, that ole gal, she warn't. She gives me the shirt all tidy rolled up in paper an' string, like as I was a high-flyer customer, an' I tucks it under my arm; an' then she pulls out her money drawer an' goes to make change for me, an' she counts it out, nine dollars, an' all the time the ten a-lyin' out jest handy, for she hadn't a took it up yet. An' I couldn't stan' it nohow—'twas as asy, as winkin'. I picked up the nine that was comin' to me, and I says, says I, a-pointin' up behind her, 'Massy on us! there's smoke a-bustin' out back o' yer! Yer on fire, as sure as yer livin'!' An' she was so scairt she turned roun' to look, an' the minit her eyes was off me, I jest made a grab at the ten, an' out the shop, an' cut sticks down street like sixty!"

Bill listened with eyes and ears and open mouth, but marvelling less at the iniquity of the deed than at its daring and success.

"An' yer got clear off?" he questioned, his wonder, truth to tell, not unmixed with admiration, which was quite evident to Jim.

"Didn't I, though!" returned Jim, now chuckling over the recollection. "I did hear the hollers of her afore I was up to the corner; screeched fit to raise the roof off her head, she did; but I was roun' the corner, an' down Sixt avenue an' out of sight 'fore she could get a M. P. to send after me!"

"You was in luck," said Bill.

"Now," said Jim, his newly-awakened conscience *once more asserting its claims* to be heard, "now, Bill, ain't that awfuller nor anythin' you ever done!"

"Well, yes!" answered Bill, numberless small thefts and purloinings presenting themselves to his remembrance, "it was Jim; but yer see, I never got the chance at anythin' so big. 'Taint to say, maybe I wouldn't ha' done it if I had. I guess I warn't no better nor you, ole feller, afore Miss Milly got hold on us, an' brought us up straight outer them bad ways!"

This encouragingly, and with a friendly pat upon Jim's shoulder, as who should say that he was by no means ashamed of him in spite of the "bigness" of past trangressions.

"Well, it don't feel good to think on, anyhow," said Jim, "an' I do wish I could get doin' a make-up for it. What could a feller do? Couldn't you strike an idea?"

"Nothin' as I knows on, till yer git that fortin yer allers reckonin' on," answered this friend and sympathizer. "That's a whole heap for yer to save up, Jim, an' I don't see how yer goin' to do it this ever so long. Why! it's an awful lot!"

"How much is it, anyhow?" asked Jim, thoughtfully. "I never kin seem to make out how much I oughter make up. There was the shirt an' the nine dollars what Jack had—he never suspicioned nothin' wrong, an' I never let on nothin' 'bout it—an' the ten dollar what I had; but all on it wasn't the ole shop-woman's. So how much she too a-had? You oughter know better nor me, bein' you're down to the boss' office, an' larnin' figgers."

But this arithmetical puzzle went beyond Bill's knowledge of "figgers," and he shook his head hopelessly as he answered his equally perplexed companion.

"It's awful kind of mixed up," he said, "an' I ain't never been set to do sums like that. Jim, if I was you, do you know what I'd do?"

"What?" asked Jim, eagerly, hoping that the other had arrived at some feasible solution of his difficulties.

"Tell Miss Milly right straight off," said Bill, looking the other full in the eyes, as if expecting objections to be raised, but quite ready to combat them if need were.

"An' git turned out?" said Jim.

"No; get hung onto tighter nor ever, like the feller what cut down the cherry-tree, and gits the sojers turnout on his birthday along of that, 'cause he tole on hisself. Washington, yer know, him what got to be president; an' folks is always talkin' so fine about him as he was such great shakes. Folks set a heap more by yer if yer tell when yer've done a mean thing; an' cuttin' down of cherry trees ain't nothin' alongside of what yer done."

"But folks don't think more on yer accordin' as you've done wuss," said poor Jim.

"No; but the wuss yer done the wuss you've *got* to tell, an' Miss Milly, she knows that, an' she's awful good, yer know, an' is never hard on folks. There's that ole naggin' Mary Jane, allers a tellin' on us if we go to have a bit of fun, an' Miss Milly she never makes no fuss, but jest sets the ole one down in her purty, quiet way, an' most times don't say nothin' to us. Now yer try it; tell Miss Milly, an' see if she don't find a way ter help yer out of this. 'Taint no harm done even if she can't."

Jim pondered this advice, and to some purpose; for soon after we were settled in our city home he came to Milly, and, taking her into his confidence, made confession of "the awfullest thing he had ever done."

What Milly said to him, and what fruit her counsels and his own remorse brought forth will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER XI.—JIM'S MAKE-UP.

It was Thanksgiving Day, and Bill was nominally employing the morning of the holiday in assisting his friend and chum to complete his allotted daily duties, so that they might both have the after part of the day for their own diversion. He had undertaken to run upon some errands, while Jim within door was blacking boots, whistling merrily, as usual when engaged in any sedentary occupation of the like nature, and thereby exasperating the soul of Mary Jane, who continually declared that the "music doin's of *them two* b'ys *made* her that nairvous that she was fit to go crazy!" And I am forced to confess that the nearer they were to the old cook, the more forcible and continual were the "music doin's" of our two young servitors. It was impossible for their most enthusiastic friends and defenders to deny that they took a calm delight in aggravating her whenever opportunity presented itself. Nevertheless, they were always ready to do her "a good turn," or to lend her a helping hand; and no feelings either of aversion or delicacy ever prevented her from calling upon them for assistance whenever she desired it. On this particular morning, not falling in at all with the spirit of the day, she had been vexed beyond measure because the boys were to have a whole holiday after the morning chores were done, and had set her wits to work to devise ways and means whereby she might detain and hinder them. But they had good-naturedly complied with all her demands upon their time, being themselves too happy at the prospect before them of a whole afternoon in the Park, seeing the animals, rowing and so forth, to resent her exactions otherwise than by a little chaffing.

"I don't mind yer, yer know," said Jim, when she had called him from his legitimate work quite unnecessarily, for about the tenth time, "'cause I'm so sorry for yer."

Mary Jane sniffed, but did not ask the cause of his sympathy, knowing full well that she would be apt to bring forth some shot at her most vulnerable point, her age, if she did so.

But Jim was not to be balked of his small revenge.

"Yer see yer don't never have no good times along of her bein' stiff and old, an' havin' no teeth—leastways on'y a few—an' not seein' very well. I say, Mary Jane, I think those specs I see you a-wearin' of t'other night is awful becomin' to yer—makes yer look quite young again; so that's the reason me an' Bill don't mind yer innercent tantrums, but tries to cheer yer up with our singin' an' whistlin'."

With which he thrust his hand into a boot, and, resuming his interrupted labors, began to brush and whistle with renewed energy.

But again these labors were brought to an end, as the basement door was suddenly opened, and a familiar curly head thrust within. And thus spake the tongue appertaining to said head:

"Cats, Jim!"

At this thrilling announcement, boot and blacking-brush were dropped instantly; and, deaf to the calls of Mary Jane, Jim had followed the head, which had been immediately withdrawn, shutting the door after him as he disappeared, with a bang that shook the house to its foundations.

This magic word, "Cats!" had power to divert our young heroes from any occupation or pastime; and, once absorbed in the exciting pleasures of the chase, all thought of anything else was given to the winds for the time being.

On this occasion Bill, returning from his errand, had seen three cats reposing peacefully upon our balcony, and lost no time in informing Jim of the proximity of the game, whose slumbers were speedily brought to an end by the frantic onslaught upon them which ensued.

Thereupon the hunted, scattering, took their pursuers in different directions; and they lost sight of each other, it seemed.

Bill was the first to return, flushed, excited and triumphant, having succeeded in toppling one unfortunate feline head-foremost into a neighboring yard, and in running another to the earth beneath a pile of lumber in an adjacent side street, whence she saluted him with such defiance and sarcasm as befitted her nature and the situation. The excitement of the chase, however, was all that the boys cared for; their cruel intentions extending no farther than the terrifying of these their natural enemies; and, having succeeded thoroughly in doing this, Bill was more than content as he came back to learn if Jim had covered himself with like glory.

Jim was not there when he reached the house; but as Bill stood in the area, awaiting the return of his comrade, he rushed around the corner, and burst upon him in a state of excitement and exultation beyond the power of words to describe. It was no cat, however, which wrought him up thus; more rare and unlooked for game than poor Puss having attracted his attention and fallen into his hands.

"Look a-here what I found!" was his salutation, and he held out a ring which he said he had picked up in the street running to the north of the square upon which our house fronted.

"The cat had just scooted up a tree, an' I was jest puttin' for her, thinkin' nothin' partick'lar," he said, "when my foot hit agin somethin' what rolled; but I shouldn't a-taken no notice, on'y I seen somethin' shining as the sun fell onter it, an' I looked an' seen this, an' picked it up. I didn't think no more on cats, you can bet!"

It was a cameo, a figure of Hebe, most exquisitely and delicately cut upon a pale green ground, and heavily set in gold; but of course its true beauty and value were by no means appreciated by our young heroes. Still, they both could see that the jewel was a pretty thing, and Jim was radiant over his prize. It was carried in and displayed to the servants, who crowded about Jim the moment the affair got wind; and was duly admired by all, save Mary Jane, who of course considered herself bound to depreciate everything done, said or owned by these two boys.

Still she could not repress some curiosity respecting "Jim's find," and came about him with the rest to examine it.

"Let's try it," she said, stretching out a gaunt, skinny forefinger, hardened by toil, and upon which such a gem would indeed have looked strangely incongruous.

"Ain't yer good!" exclaimed Jim, indignantly. "No yer don't, neither! Wouldn't go on your finger more'n a nail's length, ole lady."

"Pooh! I don't care. It's a haythen, ondacent, outlandish thing, anyhow; and I never did take no stock in naked figgers," said Mary Jane, scornfully. "But you don't think you'll be let to keep it, youngster?"

"Ain't a-goin' ter," said Jim, too much delighted with his treasure to retort with his usual impudence at the slightest provocation from the ill-tempered old woman.

"What yer goin' to do with it?" asked Bill, still gazing admiringly upon the prize. "Sell it?"

"Sell it? no! I'm a-goin to give it ter Miss Milly for her Krismas present. You give her a birthday present, Bill, an' I'll give her a Krismas one; an' I guess she won't have no bigger Krismas box *from* none of her own folks nor this. Ain't it a swell thing, though, an' wasn't I in luck to find it?"

"You won't be let to keep it," repeated Mary Jane, with a calm satisfaction in her tones.

"No; the one what's lost it will advertise it, most likely," said one of the other servants.

"They won't get it if they do," said Jim, defiantly. "It's a-goin' to be for Miss Milly, an' yer ain't, none on yer, to tell her."

Jim's notions of the rights of property were still somewhat vague and unsettled. He would not now have taken the ring, had it still been in the owner's possession; but since he had found it, he considered himself to have a just claim upon it, and had not the least idea that he was infringing upon the laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

But his secret did not long remain a secret—too many of the household already shared it; and I am sorry to say that Mary Jane took a malicious pleasure in going at once and reporting it at headquarters.

Mother and Milly both received the news with a calmness and absence of comment which incensed the old servant, and moved her to farther remark:

"Yo's never goin' to let him kape it, Miss Milly?" she said, lingering with her hand upon the latch of the door.

Milly's patience was nearly at an end with Mary Jane's constant attacks upon her *proteges*.

"That need not trouble you, Mary Jane; I can manage the boy," she answered, with a quiet and chilling dignity, which would have extinguished at once anyone less viciously disposed than our cook.

"Manage the b'y, is it, Miss Milly?" said the spoiled old woman; "the managin' is the other way, I'm thinkin'; and bless' yer poor heart, ye'll niver make gintlemen out of them two b'ys. My heart is broke with 'em intirely, slammin' of doors, and chatterin' roun' chiny, an' whistlin' an' singin' the ruff off my head—it's a bad thing you're doin', trainin' 'em up such music ways, an'll come to no good—an' all the thousand provokin' ways of 'em. 'Twould take more nor Job hisself to stan' 'em, more particklarly this one; for the other's away part of the time, an' the peacock ways he takes on hisself, too, along of bein' into Mr. Edward's office! Set him up indeed! No, no, you an' Mr. Edward'll niver make gintlemen out of them b'ys!"

"We may make Christians and honest men of them, at least, Mary Jane," said Milly, when this long and impertinent harangue came to an end.

Mary Jane would have entered her protest against even this possibility, but mother cut it short with: "That will do, Mary Jane," and the tone saying that no more would be tolerated, the old woman departed, grumbling.

We discussed the matter among ourselves; but not a word about the ring was said to the boy by Milly or any other one of the family; none of the servants, save Mary Jane, reported its finding; and he had made no disclosures up to the next morning at breakfast time.

Under Thomas' supervision and training, he was really becoming quite apt as a table-servant, although he did exhibit startling eccentricities, now and then, in his style of waiting; and he was acting in that capacity as usual on that occasion.

"Any special news this morning, Ned?" said father, whose eyes had been troubling him of late, so that he had been obliged to depend upon others to keep him up in the news and literature of the day.

(To be Continued.)

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
Main figure in Brooklyn Statue.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY SPARED IN WAR.

A medical missionary in the Province of North Persia (Dr. Cochrane) had been working there for some years when the Koords, that wild and fierce people, never subdued, who live in the mountainous regions bordering on North Persia, came down in great force with artillery, and laid siege to the town in which he was carrying on his work. So sudden was the irruption that he and his family were completely surrounded in their large compound, which was outside the city, and had no opportunity of escape. Not knowing what might befall them, they could only leave the issue in God's hands, with earnest prayer. Before long their anxiety was relieved in an extraordinary manner. The commanding sheikh, Abderallah, sent a message to Dr. Cochrane bidding him fear not, because not a hair of his head or of his friends' should suffer. It appears that in a former year the sheikh had sought help in sickness at the medical dispensary, and had been cured, as had also many of his people. Hence the message of kindness in gratitude for past blessings. And not only so: he sent another message, saying that he would hold safe all Christians whom Dr. Cochrane would take into his compound; and no less than 500 men, women, and children, with flocks and herds, were thus sheltered and protected by the missionary during a siege which lasted several weeks. Amidst the continued fire of cannon, and repeated sallies and assaults, they and their people were safe beneath the wings of the Almighty in whom they trusted.

HEATHEN PRAYERS.

B. C. ATTERBURY, M.D., PEKING.

The Chinese are strong believers in the power of their idols to answer prayer. The emperor especially, being "Heaven's son," is supposed to have great influence with the various divinities, so that when his prayers are not responded to it is supposed that he himself is at fault and not the gods. Some months ago, when the weather was very dry, the emperor went, according to custom, to several of the large temples in the neighborhood of Peking to pray for rain. It was not long before rain came, and in tremendous showers. Walls and houses everywhere tumbled down, crops were destroyed and roads washed away. But, worse than all, the rivers burst their banks and covered the country far and near. Where once were fertile fields, now nothing but a waste of waters can be seen. It is estimated that three millions of people are without food and homes. Of course these sufferers look forward to the coming winter with great dread. They have, alas! too good reason for their dread, since, unless help shall come, many of them must die from exposure and starvation. Loud now are their complaints against their emperor. They blame him for having gone to too many temples, instead of to one only, when he prayed for rain. His zeal was excessive, they say, and when all the deities whom he invoked combined in their response to his supplications, naturally the answer was overwhelming. — *Church at Home and Abroad.*

WOULD YOU LEARN HOW?

A pastor tells the following story about one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by the needle. He says: "She put three dollars into my hand and said, 'There is my contribution to the church fund.' 'But you are not able to give so much.' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I have learned how to give now.' 'How is that?' I asked. 'Do you remember,' she answered, 'that sermon of three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?' 'I do.' 'Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that,' but from crying, I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears.' 'What was the answer?' I asked, deeply moved by her recital. Only this, 'If you can not give as other people do, give like a little child,' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from a loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord I have always had money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind." He concludes by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: "I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church."

CONVERTED BY BEING ASKED TO PRAY FOR HIS WIFE.

A poor woman lay apparently dying, her husband, devoted to her, was bending over her bed, but was powerless to help. At last she moaned, "Oh, Ted, do pray for me!" Poor Ted, how could he pray? How could he ask the Saviour for anything when he had refused to even listen when he had so often pleaded with him. "I can't pray," said Ted. A short silence, then again he heard the pleading voice of his wife, "Ted, do pray for me, I'm so ill." Then in that sick room commenced a great struggle in that man's breast; he thought to himself, "If I do pray I must first of all give myself to Jesus," and then he simply yielded himself to the Lord who had bought him with his own blood, and then he prayed, oh, how he prayed for his dear wife's restoration to health, and God in his wondrous kindness answered the prayer. To-day his wife is alive and well, and she as well as her husband is on the Lord's side. Ted himself is an out-and-out Christian, rising at five each morning to read the Bible and pray to him whom he bravely confesses as Lord and Master, and to learn what is his will for his servant during the day.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
  And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
  And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
  Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
  Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
  To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
  And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
  Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
  But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
  To suit your whim to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
  And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
  As the water shapes into the vessel.

FOUR HANDSOME PRIZES FOR THE STORY IN THIS PICTURE.

Who are these two men, and what are they doing here?

The publishers of the *Northern Messenger* want every one of their readers under twenty-one years of age to write a short account of the lives of these two men in their relations one to the other. As a reward four handsome prizes are offered. Two for young people over thirteen, and two for boys and girls of thirteen and under.

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FOR THE BEST STORY by a boy or girl of thirteen or under will be given a Bible with references, maps and limp Morocco covers. If the prize winner should already possess a satisfactory Bible he will receive instead, "The Bible in Picture and Story," by Louise Seymour Houghton. A large, beautiful book, brimful of illustrations.

FOR THE SECOND BEST STORY will be given a handsome Bible with references and maps, or "The Life of Christ in Picture and Story," by Louise Seymour Houghton, a book of the same size and style as the one mentioned above.

The stories must not contain more than five hundred words, must be written on only one side of the paper and have the name, age and post-office address of the writer plainly written on the right hand upper corner of the first page. The paper, for convenience of the examiners, who will have to handle so many hundreds, should be either note paper or pages of foolscap cut in four to about note paper size. Pin the sheets together at the left hand upper corner. The MSS. must be neither folded nor rolled, but sent flat, and mailed not later than three weeks after the date of this paper. Address all to,

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"